



# The DIXIE

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE DIXIE (31st) DIVISION



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## INITIAL "BATTLE" SHOWS DIVISION'S POWER

### "GATORBAIT'S" MAMMY GLAD HE FOUND HAPPY HOME

By PVT. BOB FOWLER

There probably remains some legal binding, strings, and red-tape to be tended to, but as far as "Gator-Bait" Lee Clark, the enlisted men of the 116th Field Artillery and Gator-Bait's ro-tund mammy are concerned, the 11-year old negro mascot of the Florida regiment is in the army now. That was settled in Natchez Saturday when I interviewed the mother of the small, dark, one.

It was by pure chance that I picked the brother of our latest recruit to shine my shoes. I asked him if he knew Gator-Bait.

"Yassuh," he answered quickly, "he's mah brother. He's in de army now."

I inquired his parentage. "Mah pappy is dead," he said, "and mah mammy is right around the corner, workin' in the restaurant." And, as an after-thought, "Is ya'll one of de soldiers he live with?"

We admitted it and asked to be taken to the mother of the 116th guiding light.

Mammy Lee Clark was a round-faced, 200-lb. typical mother of youngsters like Gator-Bait. She wanted to know if the prodigal was getting enough to eat and being treated right. I told her that he was probably getting more to eat than he ever had in his life. She digested this a minute and sighed.

"He done disclaimed us and gone off and jined de army," she said. "Tse gwine to let him stay in de army even if he has disclaimed us. If he gives you-all any trouble or gets in yo' way, just send him home." She sighed again and added: "Ah show is glad he is wif such good white folks and not wif dem dam' yankees."

Mrs. Gator-Bait told me she first missed him when she read an account of his adoption when the 116th Field Artillery bivouaced in Natchez. She and her small daughter went to the "high-sheriff's" office, seeking particulars.

"Mr. Sheriff," she told him, "I am dat Gator-Bait's mammy, and dis is his own little twin sister. He is done disclaimed us and gone off and jined de army."

She looked up at him, pleadingly. "Mr. Sheriff, won't you please sir, find out if mah son is with good white folks. If he is, I is gwine to let him stay in de army, even if he is disclaimed us, and tell those sojer mens he ain't got no pappy or no mammy. So won't you please sir look at Willie's sister real close for he is just like her, and you can know what he look like. And if he ain't with the right sort of white folks, well bring him home, sir."

Meanwhile, down here, Gator-Bait is going on about his business. Last week it was capturing "Reds."

### Midnight Wash Declared Best

Three 116th Field Artillery corporals declare the "best bath we ever had" is the one they received by lanternlight Tuesday night in a borrowed wash tub behind a farmer's chicken house near Winnfield.

Maneuvers were in progress. The area was hazy with dust, and it was four days since these battery clerks had received a bath. Desperately, after a long, vain search for a creek or stream, the three men asked an old farmer and his wife if they would lend a wash tub, some well water, and a lantern. The farmer affably agreed, giving them privacy behind the hen house. The hens were asleep.

The trio was Herbert L. Segler, D. Battery; Robert T. Lyle, F. Battery and Jeffcoat, E. Battery.

### Letter Answer Leaves Him Red

Pvt. William A. Rowe, of Anti Tank, Co. 167th Inf. received a letter by mistake addressed to another William Rowe recently. He answered the girl's letter and asked for a picture. He received the requested picture promptly but the anticipated delight turned to dismay when upon examining the likeness he discovered the ultra-brunette complexion to indicate the girl to be of another race than Rowe.

### SMART MEDICO CLEARS MONEY WITH BRUSHES

A selectee who makes \$5.70 a day!

That's Private Johnny O. Bell of Flint, Mich., and the 106th Combat Engineers. Private Bell is still a \$21 a month man, but he's also an oil painter of much note. Since he arrived in the Louisiana woods, Bell has averaged a portrait a day for his buddies, and as he gets \$5 a sitting, the Flint flash is making his brushes and oils play a merry tune. He says he's an "originator and designer," with a "guaranteed likeness" of every client.

An inventor on the side, one of Private Bell's pets is a combination pipe and lighter. On the outside front of the pipe is attached an automatic lighter. Now, when his fire goes out, Bell simply presses, and presto he's smoking again.

Private Bell is the same chap who, last month, was seen walking down a muddy road in Ocala National Forest with a pair of roller skates slung over his shoulder as an emergency. He is attached to the map section of the engineers.

### Civilians Gather News of Enemy For Blue Forces

Civilians took an active interest in the War between the Blues and Reds forces last week. To many it was an interesting display of Uncle Sam's new fighting forces.

One couple, however, took definite sides in the maneuver according to a 155th Infantry officer. A husband and his wife headed from Winnfield were engaged in a discussion of the "War." Said the man, "We are for the Blue forces." His wife wanted to know why he favored the Dixie Division. He told her that many of their own Louisiana boys were waging battle. When she learned this she said "Let's buy some of the boys along the road a cool drink."

As the couple drove through the Red troops stationed below Winnfield on Highway 84 the husband noted the number of weapons, number of men, and their position of the field pieces. This he carefully wrote down on a piece of paper. When he handed the drinks to the officer he said, here is something to cool you off. And off handedly added, "these notes may be of interest to you."

The information was of great interest to the officer, Captain C. H. Mackey, intelligence officer of the Mississippi Regiment and the directing forces at division headquarters.

### Dixie "Blues" Capture Many "Reds"

Haul Them to the Rear in Truck Convoys....



### Fill Two Large Stockades with Captives....



### Guard Overflow With Own Machine Guns



Into the hands of Dixie troops during last week's maneuvers fell over 1500 "Red" prisoners—captured during the two battles in which the 31st was pitted against the remainder of the IV Army Corps near Winnfield, La. Largest haul was made by the 167th Infantry from Alabama, which captured almost the entire 2nd Bn., 103rd Inf., 43rd Infantry Division, last Friday. Shown above are some of the prisoners of war—No worried looks, but smiles of pleasure because of their respite from battle, showing on their faces.

## Southerners Win Honors In First Week's Fighting

### COL. HESTERLY IS HONORED

The new quarter-million dollar National Guard armory at Benjamin Field in Tampa, Florida, was named Fort Homer W. Hesterly Saturday, Aug. 17, in honor of the 116th Field Artillery commander.

The honor was bestowed upon Col. Hesterly by the Florida Military Department. In his order naming the armory, Brigadier General Vivien Collins, Florida's Adjutant General, said: "This valuable armory was obtained through the untiring effort, far-seeing vision and sterling leadership of Col. Homer W. Hesterly, Florida National Guard, and this designation is made as a mark of honor and in recognition of his outstanding accomplishment."

### Over Two Miles Of Cloth Used For Identifying

Four thousand yards of blue and red broadcloth were utilized by the 31st (Dixie) Division in making arm and hat bands to distinguish friends from enemy in the maneuvers now going on in Louisiana. The 106th Quartermaster Regiment supplied the 18,000 men and officers of the Dixie unit with this material.

Eighty thousand strips of cloth, half of which were red and half blue, were issued to the forces of the Division. Twenty thousand strips of each color are narrow and twenty thousand are wide, the narrow pieces being used for hat bands and wider cloths for arm brassards.

1st Lt. Ernest Henley of the 31st Division Supply Office was in charge of the distribution of the strips of cloth. Capt. Julian Pfaff, supply officer for the 31st, supervised the work.

From each linear yard of cloth, 22 arm bands can be cut and from each yard 36 hat bands are available. Since the broadcloth used costs the government 15 cents a yard, the cost of these identifying strips is \$600.

### Feeding Horses Presented Problem To 61st Brigade

"If we capture many more horses we will have to include hay and oats in our daily rations," one of Brig. Gen. Louis F. Guerre's staff told a Dixie Reporter during the first phase of the war between the Blues and Reds.

One of the biggest problems facing Gen. Guerre's staff was the disposal of horses after they were captured. All the riders were reluctant to give any tactical information, but all worried about feeding his horse. The officers solved this problem by checking the prisoners in and then sending them back to their own units.

### Drinking Water Comes By Rail

During the maneuvers 16,000 gallons of water are made available daily to the 31st Division. The water is secured in tank cars at the railheads and there collected for distribution to the water points.

### Wild Chase Ends With Colonel Safe

Lt. Col. James A. Webb, commander of the 167th Infantry, learned how a prisoner of war feels during an episode last week.

As the Colonel stood at the side of a road, a truck drove up. "Come here," said a soldier. The Colonel, always ready to oblige, approached the vehicle. He found himself looking into the more dangerous end of a forty-five. "You're captured, Sir," said the driver.

Just then, Company D, 106th Quartermaster discovered that a truck was missing. Soldiers piled into several cars and struck out on an intensive search. Spying the vanished vehicle stopped up the road, they pushed accelerators to the floor.

With Col. Webb seated beside him, the "enemy" scout went at a breakneck speed up the road. Onlookers were quoted as stating that they had never seen a large truck make such speed in previous tests.

But speedy command car overtook the truck and the Colonel was rescued, the saviors sending his abductors to the stockade where his tale of near success could be told to other captured men of the kidnapper's army.

### Minding Business When Captured

"Imagine my embarrassment," exclaimed a certain lieutenant of the 106th Medical Regiment, whose identity will not be divulged for obvious reasons, "there I was walking peacefully down the street when one of those birds from the 156th Infantry tells me I am captured. Mind you now, being captured is no crime, but the circumstances around which I am nabbed are humiliating to say the least. I had just come out of a theatre, and a double feature, too. Somebody should have told me the war wasn't over."

### INFANTRYMAN TELLS HOW BATTLE LOOKED TO HIM

(Editor's note—Pvt. Bill Syms, dashing about the front lines last week, was told to get a story representing the battle as an average infantryman saw it. Interviewing various men, he has written a cross section story, combining their varied impressions.)

I still feel cramped from squatting in that hole on the front line. Staying in one place crouched like a rabbit ready to jump is no fun. But we licked them. At least I say we did.

If I were an umpire I would give the battle to the Dixie soldiers. We were out numbered, but not out-fought. We're a tough bunch to say the least. I guess I'm bragging a little, but I think 20,000 other men will say the same thing.

Where I stayed on the front lines I could see only the tops of trees. They tell me it was the front line, but I couldn't tell for the first day because all I did was sit tight and wait.

Early the second day, when it was still cool, and the sun was just clearing the horizon, I saw

The Dixie Division struck back last week, showing the power gained in the months of training at Camp Plandorf. Facing an army of fast moving armored cars, tanks and overwhelming numbers of infantry, the 31st amazed observers by doing more than holding their own.

Slated to furnish only weak resistance against overpowering odds, Dixie men not only held a strong line of resistance but blasted back with their own counter attacks. The 43rd, New England, division was unable to gain against the powerful defense thrown up by the southerners.

With the 43rd, the famous "Rolling Fourth" and the Sixth Cavalry regiment, as strong as a division with the tremendous fire power furnished by its armored cars, trying to break Major General John C. Persons's line, the battle seemed destined to become a routine practice for the attackers.

But the Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida boys had other ideas. Not content to wait for the "enemy" scouts went deep into the "Red" territory for information. The engineers worked hand in hand with other defenders to protect flank with obstacles to impede advance by hostile units. Artillery supported the infantry as they refused to give way before attacks.

The newly formed reconnaissance unit, "blitz boys", had their day of glory; harrying advancing troops, penetrating deep into hostile territory and keeping intelligence posted on enemy activity before attacks began. Members of the Sixth Cavalry paid them a deep compliment by admitting that the Dixie scouts had been their stiffest competition to date. The speed and daring of the Dixie "recon" men drew admiration from all who saw them in action.

Every unit of the division gained the praise of Major General John C. Persons, who complimented his command on their successful work. The Dixie Division commander was highly pleased with the "highly successful" fighting of his troops and he stated that all objectives were accomplished with a very small loss of men, vehicles and weapons.

What I thought was a horse. I called my buddy and asked him to look. Yes, sir, he said, rubbing his hands, here comes the blooming red coats. He tried to imitate an Englishman. It wasn't too good, but I smiled, tired as I was. At last the enemy was on its way!

Soon a dozen or more of us were peering through the camouflage. My commanding officer called to the artillery officer. "Trouble at last," he said. He looked pleased, too. I believe they got as much fun out of the War as we did. The artillery officer started to do a lot of talking into a telephone.

The radio sparked its messages to someone way back of the front line. It was getting more exciting by the minute.

Soon I heard a motorcycle roar. It seemed to be coming over the hill. Let's get him, said the officer. Men stood poised with guns, machine guns rattled, but he miraculously got by.

A short time later we had our real fun. The scouts reported two armored scout cars coming toward us. That capture was almost too

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DIXIE (31ST) DIVISION

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## KEEP PITCHING

Action has finally begun. With a crash, the 31st was thrown into battle against overwhelming odds, fought doggedly and came out of the dust with praise heaping on every angle. Men went through the torture of grime, sleeping where they found themselves, traveling night and day and sometimes missing meals.

This will be a week of relaxation compared to the hectic adventures of the past seven days. Time can now be spent in recounting deeds of daring and exciting experiences. Heroes have arisen and goats form a line for their share of friendly heckling. The captured and those who took prisoners will swap stories.

But that little battle was our personal triumph. The 31st can take all the credit for success and blame for disasters. We now get ready for the greatest peace time action in the history of this country. A nation is watching to see what the Army of the United States has on the ball.

For several weeks, everything will be building toward the day that Lieutenant General Walter Krueger gives the order to start moving. As a part of this Third Army, the Dixie Division will play a major role in the spectacle America is anxiously watching.

Men of the 31st learned that "simulated war" is indeed training when they worked this week. We know now that armored cars can slip through lines. We found that scouts can do great damage under cover of night.

We saw how cavalry works and how communications can become disrupted if orders are not carried out implicitly. We learned that men can sleep where they fall and that conditioning is important when an enemy stalks through the darkness.

Those months of seemingly pointless marches and caletshenics paid dividends in the past few days as tired men kept going while thousands of enemy troops poured against their thin defenses. Eight months ago we couldn't have taken what was dished out in the past week.

But it isn't over. Every man still has a job to do. For another month we have to keep plugging. Already the name "Dixie Division" is becoming well known to troops who have faced we fighting southerners. And it'll be better known soon.

## PLAY THE GAME

This game of maneuvers is an exciting affair, bringing a sense of realism to many. In spite of the discomforts and strain, men of the 31st went "all out" in their efforts. And so they brought praise from everyone who knew the story of their fight.

We are trying to learn the game of war without suffering the penalties of actual combat. Those boys wearing different colored armbands are "enemies" while the battle rages, buddies when the umpire calls a halt.

These activities should be made as realistic as possible,

so when you find yourself outmaneuvered or outgunned, take it like a man. Fight as hard as you can, try, as a real soldier should, to do all you can to see that your army wins, but remember that a good loser will bring as much respect as a winner.

NO EASY JOB  
FOR 106TH Q. M.  
BEHIND 'SCENES'

Tireless and endless is the work of the 106th Quartermaster Regiment during a maneuver for it is then that these "behind the scenes" men must disregard all thoughts of personal comfort and live up to the Corps motto for the quartermasters, "Service for the Line."

Long nights are spent by the men of Companies C and D picking up the large crates and boxes of foods, some of which are perishable, from the railroad now established at Goldona. These drivers move their vehicles under cover of night, using no headlights. This is necessary as the importance of not permitting the enemy to spot this convoy of food and supplies is well known to every man in the Regiment.

As dawn approaches and the men return to their camp areas, they throw themselves on the ground and catch an hour or two of sleep. At any time, day or night, these same trucks and drivers may be, and often are, sent out to transport troops, or details to all parts of the combat zone.

Col. J. H. Spangler, Division Quartermaster, supervises the work of his regiment in such a way that rarely does any unit miss its issue of food. If, because of the capture of a truck of food, some units cannot be supplied, they have in their own storage trailers an adequate amount of "B" rations which were issued to them for such emergencies.

Supply Soldiers  
Take Up Rifles  
When Needed

Although not primarily a combat regiment, the 106th Quartermaster of the 31st Division, commanded by Col. J. H. Spangler, of St. Augustine, Fla., exhibited its ability to become a fighting unit this week.

The Regiment's intelligence officer, Capt. James R. Long, S-2, out on a reconnaissance tour during one of the field problems, telephoned his headquarters that he had information concerning a proposed cavalry attack of enemy forces. The Reds during this maneuver a foreign and unfriendly coalition of nations, were advancing upon the railroad, located near Goldonna, La.

By capturing the railroad, wherein all the food supplies and ammunition for the 31st Division's 18,000 troops, are unloaded each day, the entire Dixie unit could be considered as vitally crippled in this battle.

Lt.-Col. Albert H. Callicott, of Senatobia, Miss., assumed command of the Regiment in the absence of Col. Spangler, commanding officer, and called all available men within the area to defend the highway leading past Regimental headquarters in order that the enemy forces could not pass en-route to the railroad.

Rifles, pistols, and ammunition were issued to the men and all available officers took active part in stationing the groups in the woods under cover on either side of the approaching road. Capt. Stokes V. Robertson, Regimental Adjutant, of Jackson, Miss., played an active part in organizing the men. Mr. Sgt. Jesse Coffey gathered a group and prepared them for action.

The assembled fighting forces of the Regiment did not fire a shot, as the enemy cavalry did not make their scheduled appearance. However the alarm gave the men their first taste of extra duty they may be called upon to rally to in time of actual warfare.

Co. H Medics Have  
Two Busy Weeks

The men in Company H of the 106th Medical Regiment will long remember the past two weeks. The Hattiesburg, Miss., soldiers handled the hospital before giving way to Company I. They also built a dam across a creek to enable many to wash clothes and otherwise freshen up. Then, when the H boys finally got back to normal, they were put to repairing the roads.

TEAMS NAMED  
FOR BATTLE

Units making up the Second and Third Armies which clash starting mid-September are given below. Commanding the Second Army is Lt. General Ben Lear and the Third Lt. Gen. Walter Krueger. The Dixie Division, is, of course, a part of the Third Army.

## THE LINEUP—

## SECOND ARMY

2nd Cavalry Div., Fort Riley, Kan.  
5th Div., Ft. Wood, Mo.  
27th Div., Ft. McClelland, Ala.

33rd Division, Camp Forrest, Tenn.

35th Division, Camp Robinson, Ark.

1st Armored Div., Ft. Benning, Ga.

2nd Armored Div., Ft. Benning, Ga.

75th FA Brig., Camp Forrest, Tenn.

107th Cavalry, Camp Forrest, Tenn.

GHQ mechanized cavalry, artillery and other units.

## THIRD ARMY

4th Motorized Div., Ft. Benning, Ga.

31st Div., Camp Blanding, Fla.

43rd Div., Camp Blanding, Fla.

6th Cavalry, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.

32nd Div., Camp Livingston, La.

34th Div., Camp Claiborne, La.

37th Div., Camp Shelby, Miss.

38th Div., Camp Shelby, Miss.

2nd Div., Ft. Sam Houston, Tex.

37th Div., Camp Bowie, Tex.

45th Div., Ft. Sill, Okla.

1st Cavalry Div., Ft. Bliss, Tex.

501st Parachute Bn.

GHQ assigned troops.

Cattle Chute  
Supplies Bed

When his unit bivouacs near a cattle loading pen in the future, Pfc. Beamon Ross, of Headquarters Co. 156th Inf., isn't going to worry about a place to sleep. He has solved that problem already.

Pfc. Ross searched around for a place to bunk for almost an hour when his organization settled down for the night near a cattle loading pen on the Gum Springs road. Finally he hit upon an idea. Draping his blanket between the boards in a chute, Pfc. Ross had a hammock.

THOSE MEN WHO FEED DIXIE  
LEARN TO DO WITHOUT SLEEPMess Sergeant, Dusty and Tired, Must See  
That Fighting Men Get Their Meals  
Under All Conditions

By PVT. CHARLES W. HINKLE

This is a story of a mess sergeant and his field kitchen force; the men who fill the stomachs the army fights on.

Staff Sergeant Dixie (every mess sergeant in the division has had similar experiences so the name is fictitious) got his cooks up at 4 a. m. Tuesday to start breakfast. That meal prepared and fed to the soldiers of his company, the order to load the kitchen and move was given. All hands pitched in and the kitchen was rolling along on a 1½-ton truck with trailer. It was a long move, so the three field ranges were heated and the noon meal started cooking as the truck bumped over rough roads, out of sight of the enemy. When the convoy of kitchens arrived at the new area the meal was almost completely prepared; only bread had to be sliced. It's impossible to slice the big, coarse loaves of army bread while bumping along an unimproved road. The long-snake-like mess line formed and the food dished into 900 mess kits. The most difficult task followed, cleaning up the pots and pans. This is the task that the much-publicized KPs find most to their dislike. The combat soldiers couldn't spare a detail to fill up the garbage pit, dug just before lunch, so the assistant cooks performed that duty.

"Move out again," came the order and the kitchen was again rattling through the woods along back roads. "This will be an easy meal," the mess section thought anticipating the usual duties of setting up the kitchen, cooking and serving supper. Supper prepared, there were only fifty men who formed in the mess line.

"Where are the rest of the men," Sgt. Dixie inquired of his C. O.

"They are all out on road blocks or outposts," the commander replied handing him a map showing the positions of the outposts.

Sgt. Dixie knew those men had to be fed. He ordered their supper, loaded on a truck and drove off to take it to them, as indicated by his map. It wasn't just a problem of driving from point to point for many of the road blocks were in enemy territory and the kitchen had to constantly dodge enemy scout cars and motorized patrols.

After travelling forty-five miles according to the truck speedometer, the men manning the road blocks were finally fed. With a truck load of dirty pots and pans, Sgt. Dixie returned to the bivouac area about 2 a. m. A second truck loaded with breakfast, prepared during the night by the cooks who remained behind, stood ready. Sgt. Dixie and his crew stepped from one truck into the other and headed back over the route they had just travelled, ready to serve breakfast to the

men holding the strategic positions. Late Wednesday night the mess sergeant and his cooks found time to sleep for the first time, and then only for a few hours.

Thursday was scheduled as a day of rest—rest for everyone except the mess crew. Just before noon the order to prepare sandwiches for the company and move out was given. Somewhere there had been a hitch in the supply train and no bread had been delivered to the regiment. Ordered to make sandwiches with no bread, Sgt. Dixie was faced with a dilemma. The nearest town was twenty miles distant. The sergeant and his truck driver fought through clouds of dust, raised by the steady stream of army vehicles, to the town and returned with bread for sandwiches.

The order to load the kitchens was given just before supper was served. A few minutes later the order was countermanded and the heavy ranges and kitchen equipment was unloaded.

"Feed as soon as possible," was the new order. Supper was prepared on time but again there was no bread. The new position of the company was still farther from the nearest town where bread could be bought and was behind the enemy lines. Undaunted, Sgt. Dixie donned the Red arm band of the enemy, put a white flag on his truck, indicating non combatant, and again fought through the thick dust cloud to bring back bread for supper. The mess line was already formed when he arrived and dirt-smear faces all along the line brightened up when they saw the bread arrive.

Following supper the "load kitchen" order was given and countermanded twice, the kitchen force remaining on the alert until far into the night. Sleeping two hours Sgt. Dixie awakened his cooks and began preparing breakfast. This day was a repetition of the preceding ones. Outposts had to eat so the kitchen trucks travelled 135 miles during the day to serve the far flung outposts food. Sgt. Dixie looks a little tired. His eyes are red from lack of sleep. His nerves are on edge—but he can take it. So can his cooks. When meal time comes the soldiers will be fed, be they in reserve, in the front lines, on patrol or manning an outpost.

"The most fun I had this week," Sgt. Dixie said, "was when my cooks and I captured a Red major. The cooks and I unlimbered our rifles when we ran into a Red reconnaissance car and motorcycle scout. We had more guns than they did so we brought them in prisoners."

As long as the army has mess sergeants and cooks like Sgt. Dixie and his crew the combat soldiers will never fight on empty stomachs.

## And The 31st Rolled



Major General John C. Persons, seated, center, gives the command to move out to Captain Hal Hardenberg, Aide, who is standing at telephone, and the Dixie Division got under way for the battleground of the past week. At the far left, Captain C. W. Springer, other Aide to the General, studies the situation on a map while Private W. B. Sorrell, General's secretary, peers inquiringly at the photographer. Colonel F. W. Manley, Chief of Staff, seated at right, watches the proceedings which followed his conference with General Persons.



Since the paper has taken a sudden spurt toward poetry this week, the writer might as well put in his little crack at rhyming. Here goes:

## MANEUVERS

Chiggers running up your back,  
Mosquitoes in your tent,  
Dust enough to stop your breath,  
A week for letters sent.

Sleeping in the rain sometimes;  
or sweating with the heat,  
Hunting out adhesive tape,  
for blisters on the feet.

Trying to pitch a tent in mud,  
Knowing details never,  
Keeping on with just one thought:  
"This can't last forever."

\* \* \* \*

It hasn't been completed yet, but one of the reporters brought in the first two lines of a song revision. The Dixie would like to see just what arrangement can be made of lyrics, using them as the lead: "Goodbye Lou, I'll be back when they're through." You all know the tune. And we'd like to have as many good versions as you'd care to submit.

\* \* \* \*

Again Private Edmund J. Land comes through with one of those stories he can be depended upon to deliver when things get tense and matters seem too serious. It turns out that our demon Louisiana reporter swears that his regiment destroyed two eighty-ton tanks during the week's encounter...how, he didn't say.

\* \* \* \*

Just as an example of the fact that putting out a newspaper in the field is not merely throwing a bunch of disconnected letters into story form, take the experience of one of our photographers during the recent battle with the IV Army Corps.

Pvt. Eddie Pharr was handed a batch of films, given the terse instructions to "get them developed" and sent on his way. The only darkroom available was in Alexandria, with approximately forty thousand Red troops between the cameraman and completion of his job.

So he pondered a bit. Getting chummy with a passing news dealer, Eddie made him a proposition, "How would you like a free helper into Alexandria?" he queried. The civilian was all too willing.

They went their merry way. Rolling his sleeves over his blue arm band, young Pharr solemnly sold newspapers to passing convoys, collecting cash and making change while he picked up scraps of information. Not content with getting prints out for the paper, he had several interesting bits of information for intelligence upon return.

ENGINEERS TURN INVENTORS  
TO MAKE HARD TASKS EASY

The 106th Combat Engineers are ingenious chaps. They put their diversified talents to many useful tasks.

Blackout problems are solved by the use of a little celluloid disk. You've perhaps seen the trucks moving quietly and quickly through the woods by the use of dim green headlights, like so many jungle monsters. Well, the engineers' map section has a brainchild which is placed over the front of their flashlights—a green celluloid disk which acts nicely as a camouflage when light is absolutely needed.

Then there's the earth augurs, which can deftly bore a deep hole in any desired direction—upright or at a pronounced angle. The augur has been found to be indispensable in digging garbage pits, etc. It works automatically, throwing out the dirt in a neat pile around the hole.

Then we mustn't forget the eight air compressors which have proven invaluable in the building of bridges, showers, roads, etc. The compressors, mounted on big fast-moving trucks, can do the work of ten men—sawing lumber, cutting down trees, etc. The compressors received a true test in construction work for the maneuver area, and they were not found wanting. They are equipped with cables, blades, and everything else which can be utilized to solve the toughest of building problems.

During the past week, the Dixie Division's combat engineers were very much occupied at the task of laying about 400 road mines for use in anti-tank warfare. These mines are effective obstacles to halt or materially slow down the progress of enemy tanks. Obstructions in the form of heavy protruding logs, etc., are placed in the path of on coming tanks.

Daily Vesper Period  
In 156th Regiment

First Lt. Charles C. West, Protestant Chaplain of the 156th Infantry regiment, announced recently that he will begin a daily series of informal vespers services in a centrally located spot in the regiment. Services will begin about 6:45 p. m. and last between fifteen minutes and a half hour each evening.

Make Their Own  
Weapons From Wood

Company H of 155th Infantry is following the example of other units by making its own weapons. Recently men wanted to get experience with the 50 calibre machine guns. Because Uncle Sam can not make the guns as fast as they are needed, company artificers, Private first class Ralph I. Frost and Private first class Charles Clifton, fashioned the guns out of trees. When war games actually start, H Company will have four 50 calibre weapons in action.

Wins \$5 Prize  
On Week-end Pass

"One way to make your expenses for the week-end is to win an amateur contest," Pvt. Samuel Wood of McComb's Company L, 155th Infantry Regiment told his buddies when he returned from a two day pass Monday morning. Wood collected the judges' vote and the \$5, when he rendered "Fox Chasing the Memphis Mail" on his harmonica.



# Two Wandering Reporters Find Trouble As They Try To Learn About War

By CORPORAL JAMES ALSOP

WE START  
In attempting to learn about simulated war first hand during the week, this writer ran the gamut of action from riding a Dixie Division "tank" through "enemy" territory to being captured and questioned.

Wearing blue arm bands and accompanied by another Press Section member, Corporal E. Martin Meadows, a sad faced non-commissioned officer who had complained that "nothing ever happens to me," I went to the reconnaissance outfit and requested that they take me behind the enemy lines.

Delighted to show their wares, the commander placed me aboard a light gun carrier, took another vehicle along, and set out on the trail of "enemy." The driver, seemingly determined not to let his shadow catch him, pushed us through our front lines before we were quite understood where we were going. But the captain clarified that quickly. "Oh," he said, "just anywhere there's trouble." And he meant it.

We breezed along at a fast pace, the reporters hanging on with both hands. The other riders unconcernedly chatted and seemed intent on their conversation. "There's some cavalry marks," said the captain. We all took a good look. Neither Meadows nor I could see a thing except gravel road.

"Sure is," stated a tanned rifleman, "and they head into the woods."

While we gaped, they swung the cars off the road, headed for a jungle of trees and began bounding down a hillside toward a ravine. In order to get up the gully, it became necessary to run the car up the mud bank and let it slide around interfering trees. This was done. We must have gone ten miles without seeing a road. Upon an order, we turned around and raced through underbrush to a nearby gravel highway.

## ALONE WITH THE ENEMY

Finally, after hours of dodging enemy armored cars and chasing Red scouts, we asked to be let off when we were behind the lines of our opponents. This brought a laugh. It seemed we had never been close to our own troops for hours. They let us off and went out of sight into a cloud of dust.

At the time we were not far from Winnfield, so decided to do our snooping there. As we approached an intersection, we saw two armored cars and several trucks. Feeling heroic, we formulated the plan of stealing one of the scout cars and giving it to General Persons as a present. But they always left at least two men behind the machine guns.

For hours we watched motorcyclists, convoys, horsemen and armored vehicles roll past. This was the Sixth Cavalry, fast moving and thrown ahead of the advancing thousands of infantrymen.

## WE FIND ENEMY

Locating a line of telephone wires, we followed them for several miles, being forced to take to the deep woods innumerable times. It had started to rain and raincoats were safely stored in the Press Section truck, so all papers were tucked in gas masks.

Suddenly we heard a generator. Having read in the Dixie that Staff officers had electric lights, we put our heads together and

## "We Ride Out With The Scouts"



In such a dust raising weapons carrier, two Dixie Reporters ventured into "enemy" territory last week, there to meet capture, adventure and learning.

decided that the noise was worth investigating. Like a couple of amateur Indians, we stole through the woods.

Suffering only minor abrasions from contact with wayward trees, we found ourselves practically inspecting the rifle of a sentry. Luckily, he had failed to hear our noisy progress and continued to gaze moodily into a starry sky. We silently thanked some lucky little girl and edged around the guard.

Our progress came to an abrupt halt—we had joined a group of officers about a map. From interest shown, we knew that the subject would prove fascinating, so edged forward. Meadows unwittingly shouldered a Lieutenant.

Colonel to one side in his enthusiasm. "Pardon me," said the man with the silver leaf.

Meadows murmured a "not at all" and everyone again scrutinized the subject of the lecture. But they were talking over our heads so we wandered off. A gracious sentry informed us that we were in the Sixth Cavalry Command Post. As an afterthought, he shouted through the darkness: "Who are you?"

"Just a couple of scouts," we told him.

"Oh," he said, vaguely. Bursting with our information, we scurried up a concrete road. After several hours, dodging and plunging our way through wet grass and underbrush, we again arrived at Winnfield. The armored cars were still there.

We considered means of getting back with our information, finally deciding that capturing an armored car was the only real solution. We sneaked up a ditch, getting so close we could listen to the watching soldier's conversation.

## ENEMY FINDS US

Deciding on direct action, we drew our pistol. We walked up to the vehicle. "You're captured," Meadows said. The accosted looked up. "Who're you?" Not to be outdone, we came back with: "We're the blue army."

Our "Captive" grinned. "Both of a few armored cars. Those boys knew their business and were intent upon making a thorough job of their assignment."

They finally released us, turning us over to an officer of the Fourth Division. He took us to a camouflaged headquarters where we watched their Intelligence Chief question other prisoners. He took one look at us and snorted: "They don't know anything."

## INTERNEED

A long truck ride and we were taken about thirty miles behind the lines. There the 204th MPs had a stockade. We were fed our first meal in two days, practically demolishing a loaf of issue bread with our bare teeth. Then we put aside time to listen to the talk of other prisoners.

A lanky soldier from the 156th was telling of his exploit in shooting a captain before being captured. He had worked behind the lines for two days before being caught, sending back information all during that time.

Every man had a story to tell, each putting another piece into the tremendous picture unfolding. All were dusty, tired and few had eaten more than one or two meals since they had started out from their own lines. But they were proud of their outfits.

From the conversation, it could be learned that every unit had battled hard during the entire time in the field. Every man wanted to get back and have another whack at action.

## AND SO HOME

A truck convoy brought us back to our lines, every man in the group still boasting of the work of his outfit. Each outpost we passed was eagerly pumped for information. Excitement grew as it was learned that the 31st had held, and before the truck had rolled through Winnfield, the entire bunch was singing "Dixie" at the top of their voices.

Tired, dirty and ready for some sleep, we spread to our units. But every man was anxious to get back into action. And all had the same statement to make: "They won't get me next time."

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## NEW ORLEANS BATTLER HERE IN CANTEEN

Undisputed lightweight champion of the 31st Division, Corporal Georgie Holmes, 106th Medical Regiment, is now dishing out refreshments to soldiers instead of right crosses and left jabs. Corporal Holmes, attached to Company G, is in charge of his regimental canteen which has remained with the Medicos while they are in the war games.

In the recent division boxing tournament, Holmes won the 135-pound crown without competition, there being no entrants in his class. Corporal Holmes has been in the service for four years, and back in the Crescent City he fought 58 professional battles against some of the best boys in the South. Just before he turned pro, Holmes fought brilliantly as an amateur in Golden Glove and Beginners' tournament.

Since he was mobilized last November 25 after serving as a National Guardsman at the Jackson barracks in New Orleans, Corporal Holmes hasn't had much time to continue his fistic career. However, he has managed to referee some bouts in Jacksonville, Fla., about 40 miles from Camp Blanding. But outside of a few scraps around camp, Holmes has had a virtual lay-off. When he leaves the Army, he hopes to continue his ring activities.

Corporal Holmes is a slugging fighter, using an effective two-fisted attack in all his battles.

## Dixie Division Hard to Find

If anyone doubts the ability of the 31st Division to effectively hide its troops, Corporal Thomas Brough of the 106th Medical Regiment will remove all skepticism. Corporal Brough, who is clerk for Company F, wrote to a firm in his home town of Fort Myers, Fla., for a portable radio. Well, the express company has never been able to find Brough. His radio has been sent first to DeQuincy, La., then to Delidder, La., and finally Lake Charles, La., No Pollock, La., where Corporal Brough told them to send the radio and where he could pick it up. Finally, in desperation, the corporal told the firm to either keep the radio in Fort Myers or send it only to Pollock. Meanwhile, Brough is deep in the woods and would like to hear his favorite radio programs.

## Three Q. M. Privates Traded for Horses

What is a soldier worth? Not many of us know our actual commodity value, but there are three chauffeurs with the 106th Quartermaster Regiment who have the answer for themselves. During the height of the battle Wednesday afternoon they were taken as prisoners, near Winnfield, by the 6th Cavalry. They were later traded for three horses which had been seized by some 31st soldiers. The man-for-horse boys were Privates Herbert Hughes and P. D. Ogletrow and private first class Brooks Owens, all Company F.

## Alabama Clerks Work Smoothly Even in Field

The personnel section of the 106th Infantry composed of the company clerks of the regiment have belied the consensus of opinion of the regiment that they are a "bunch of sissies." The clerical soldiers took to the woods like veterans, performing their usual duties as if they were in Camp Blanding. Despite the difficult conditions, non-conducive to doing "paper" work, the men who handle the bulk of the regiment's administrative work continue to keep correspondence, reports and other of their multifunctions up to date.

1st Lt. Abbott Walton, recently appointed personnel adjutant, said the work of his men surpassed all expectations.

"I was somewhat surprised that men accustomed to office work should adapt themselves to 'roughing it' so readily," the adjutant explained.

## Maneuvering Men Receive Treats

This division has been well-received in every Louisiana town they have maneuvered through, and the town of Calfin, La. is no exception. Manning outposts and security positions in the town, men of Company I, 167th Inf., found the townspeople eager to make the soldier's job a comfortable as possible with numerous pitchers of lemonade, ice water, layer cakes, candy and other delicacies that are the delight of soldiers in the field.

The folks back home are interested in what you are doing in the Army. The Dixie will give them all the news of your regiment and 31st Division. Send the Dixie home this week.

## Dixie Division Moves This Week

This week you will pack your barracks bag again, roll your blanket and be ready to move for the most serious phase of the Louisiana War Games. Present plans are that the Dixie Division will leave its base camp near Pollock and head for Oakdale, near Lake Charles in Southwestern, La., to be ready for the opening of the Third Army maneuvers in early September.

## Enemy Swimmers Driven Away From Clothing

Not all is serious duty for the men of the 31st (Dixie) Division while "war" is waging on the mythical front as is evidenced by the playful spirit of some of the men of the 106th Quartermaster Regiment.

In search of a swimming hole were a group of "blue" soldiers from the Regiment Tuesday after a strenuous day of regular wartime quartermaster duties. They stumbled upon a small body of muddy appearing water in which were several men swimming about.

Upon their approach the swimmers hit for the opposite shore toward clothing which was plainly marked with red strips of cloth, the emblem of the enemy. To the "blue" soldiers, bent on taking a bath, the thought of opponents being in the vicinity was far from their minds.

When the "Reds" observed this apparent mass ignoring of their presence, they shouted their identity, thumbed their noses, and waited for the realization to come to the "Blues."

There was a mad scramble for the shore with the "Reds" being forced to retreat to the woods a la nude, their clothing and red strips of cloth a reminder of the simulated war game.

## Girl Friend True To Fifty Soldiers

A certain soldier in Company F of the 106th Medical Regiment is having a hectic time with his best girl friend. He doesn't know if his affection is really in love with him. According to a close boy friend, the private has proposed to the girl quite often, and each time she says, "Come on, let's go." But it is said in such a manner that the boy takes it as a joke. Lately he received a letter from her, asking him to get some of the boys in his regiment to write her. She said she would like to hear from about 50 or more of the boys. (All letters answered.) Her name and address is Miss Alice Brown, 4019 Tchoupitoulas St., New Orleans, La.

## Medicos Doctor 6th Cavalry Horse

Ambulances were winding their way back and forth from the 106th Medical Regiment's clearing stations. Suddenly into a station rushed 1st Sgt. Joseph Zehner, panting as if his lungs would burst.

"We've just seen him down the road," he gasped. "He needs immediate attention," he blurted out. Capt. Joseph Damsels, personnel officer and his staff, tried to gain more information.

"Who has been hurt, tell me more details," the officer pleaded. "It's a horse sir, probably from the 6th Cavalry." The Sergeant went on. "What shall we do with him? He appears to be hurt."

The matter was turned over to Lt. Col. Archie Falk, a veterinarian of note. The animal received the proper attention and Sgt. Zehner felt relieved that the medical regiment was able to doctor the steed.

## MISSISSIPPI INTELLIGENCE UNIT SELECTED FOR THEIR WOODCRAFT

If you have the hunting eye of Daniel Boone, can steal through the forest like an Indian and see the little signs in the soft dirt that tell a story of those who have recently travelled over the ground ahead of you, then you have the proper qualifications for the 155th Infantry Intelligence Section. Add courage and stamina to these wood craft talents and you will have the complete requirements for one of the toughest and most colorful assignments in the Mississippi Regiment. Captain C. H. Mackey, Intelligence officer, selected his "news gathering" crew because their civilian experience fitted them for this specialized work.

Every man in the S-2 section, as it is known in the army, has lived in rural sections where he devoted much time to hunting and fishing. As one corporal stated, "I spent all my time and most of my money in the woods. I started hunting as a boy and continued until I was on my own and could afford all sorts of guns." Other soldiers claim they can shoot a barb wire in two from a great distance.

These men are not bragging. They can see the story in tracks, estimate the number of men or horses in the party and pick out a partly obscured figure on a distant hill.

Theirs is a reckless life. In war the Intelligence section would be charged with finding the enemy before it finds them. While assigned to a rough and ready task, the "hunters" must remember little details, such as trails, cross roads and road junctions which may be of use to officers in the preparation of attacks or defenses according to the position of the enemy. They can make maps, too. Many times, in the darkest part of the night, they are sent out on a mission to get the location of the enemy. It is impossible to write then so they memorize the ground they travel, make a mental note and later set it down on a map which is turned over to Captain Mackey.

All the members have had special training in the Intelligence School conducted at Camp Blanding last spring. The Mississippi scouts can read a compass, plot a course and then follow it. Captain Mackey's right hand man in the S-2 section is Sgt. Pinkey Cunningham, who in the course of his duties last week slept only six hours from Monday to Friday. His waking hours were spent observing the enemy from a high tower on Highway 84. Second in command in the section among the enlisted men is Corp. Pat Taylor.

## Geneva Cross Protects Hospital

The Third Battalion of the 106th Medical Regiment, under the command of Major Chester Fresh of New Orleans, La., formed a Geneva white cross on the ground near the division hospital. Comprised of six white sheets, the cross can easily be seen by planes flying at all heights and in all directions. It not only serves as a point of direction but is a safeguard against any air attack under the laws of war.

## A "Blitz Boy" Lauds His Unit

The Dixie Division's Reconnaissance Unit, the newly-formed arm which has been doing valuable work in the maneuver problems, has been memorialized in poetry by one of its members, Corporal William Gamble, a former college student at Shreveport, La.

His lines go:  
"We're the men, the mighty men from Mars.  
We're the men who find  
For the men behind  
The object of their wars,  
Their wars,  
Their wars.  
The machines we race  
Are more than Dobbin's pace  
'Cause he could never find  
For the men behind  
The object of their wars.  
"We're drivers straight from Hell,  
We do it G - d - d - well  
And we always, always find  
For the men behind  
The object of their wars,  
Their wars,  
Their wars."

## 116th Orchestra Loses Saxophonist

Corp. Henry Knabel was honorably discharged from the 116th Band and the Army of the U. S. Aug. 18 at his request. He has several dependents. A saxophone artist in the band, Knabel was a veteran with eight years of National Guard service.

## Captured Men Find Officer Umpiring Fight

Most chagrinned of umpires this week was Lt. William Adair of Company I, 8th Inf., officiating with second battalion, 167th Inf. A patrol captured eight prisoners in front of their lines and turned them over to Lt. Edgar Parker, battalion Intelligence officer. Umpire-Lt. walked over to look at the prisoners. To his surprise and dismay he discovered all eight soldiers to be from his own platoon, including the platoon sergeant.

## Alabama Furnish Commander's Guard

Selected as honor guard for Major General John C. Persons, commanding the 31st Division, were twenty-five soldiers from Company I, 167th Inf., led by Sergeants John Addington and Billy Strong.

The guard provided security for the commanding general's headquarters during this weeks maneuvers.

Company I is from Birmingham, Ala., the General's home.

## "Air-Mail" Comes With Delivery

Air Mail has come to the mail section, 167th Infantry. It's not the service of the U. S. Postal Service but a black and tan terrier adopted by the section and dubbed "Air Mail." The bark of the mascot announced the arrival of the mail in each area where the section makes deliveries.

## Medicos Year Book Makes Appearance

The 106th Medical Regiment's Year Book, bound in a bright blue cover and complete in every detail, has made its appearance. This 1941 volume shows snapshots of the Medicos in action, pictures of the entire personnel from Commanding Officer, Colonel Anees Mogabrab, down to the newest selectee, and interesting sidelights of each company. The Year Book, beautifully embossed, is available to all members of the regiment.

## Sorrow Follows Brother Reunion

Strange are the thoughts that run through the mind of Pvt. Calvin C. Chalker, Battery F, 117th F. A. A strange week—a week that saw reunion, joy, pathos—brought on the mixed feelings. Pvt. Chalker is not sorry that the seven days are over. He remembers the old adage, "Time heals all."

Saturday, August 16, he met his brother whom he had not seen in over a year on the streets of Alexandria. It was a chance meeting for the brothers, the elder one being with the 6th Cavalry, stationed at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. The fact that they were to be enemies the next week, maneuverably speaking, took away none of the joy, fraternally speaking. They had a lot to talk over, those brothers.

Tuesday, August 19, the 31st Division Chalker received a message. It was terse, abrupt, brutal. He learned that a 6th Cavalry unit had been eradicated by artillery fire. It was his brother's unit. Chalker's battery fired the barrage.

## Ritzy Dwelling Deep in Woods

The 31st (Dixie) Division's most elaborate rustic dwelling here in the maneuver area is the one labeled "Sergeant Tarzan and His Mate", belonging to Motor Sergeant Clifton L. Stewart and Private First Class Morris Win-gard, both of the 116th Field Artillery's Battery F.

The two industrious Floridians cut a massive log into four substantial stilts and upon these erected a small log cabin, complete with indirect lighting (one candle power), canvas (shelter-half) roof, radio, bed and mattress of gum-wood, rustic chair and table, and a "down stairs" (between floor and ground) lounge. Above the front door is the sign "Sergeant Tarzan and His Mate."

## Selfish Clerks Get Retribution

The 20 men in the 116th Field Artillery's Personnel Section, which cares for the clerical and administrative red tape of the regiment, stole a bath on the rest of the regiment Tuesday and Wednesday. The Personnel Section was stationed several miles rearward of the regiment and located a fine swimming hole. The soldiers enjoyed baths for two days and washed their dirty clothes as well.

As if in retribution for the act, one of the personnel trucks ran over the rotten log home of a swarm of bees Thursday and many of the soldiers were stung. Corporal Dallas Texas Jeffcoat, clerk from E Battery, was stung in 17 places. He wasn't wearing his shirt at the time. The regimental Sergeant Major, Gyrus Barter, received five stings.

## Regulars Dislike Being Captured By Guardsmen

It is a disgrace for 4th Division Regular Army soldier to be captured by the National Guard. This was clearly displayed during the War between the Blue and Red forces this week.

A driver and his crew scouting in a "Peep", were captured on Highway 84 by the 155th Infantry. The driver was brought into the bivouac area for questioning. Before answering any questions he asked if his captors were National Guardsmen or Regular. "The National Guard," he was told. His reaction to the reply was most profane. He was surprised and irked that the new soldiers would outmaneuver the regulars.

## Dixie Alumni Hold Meeting

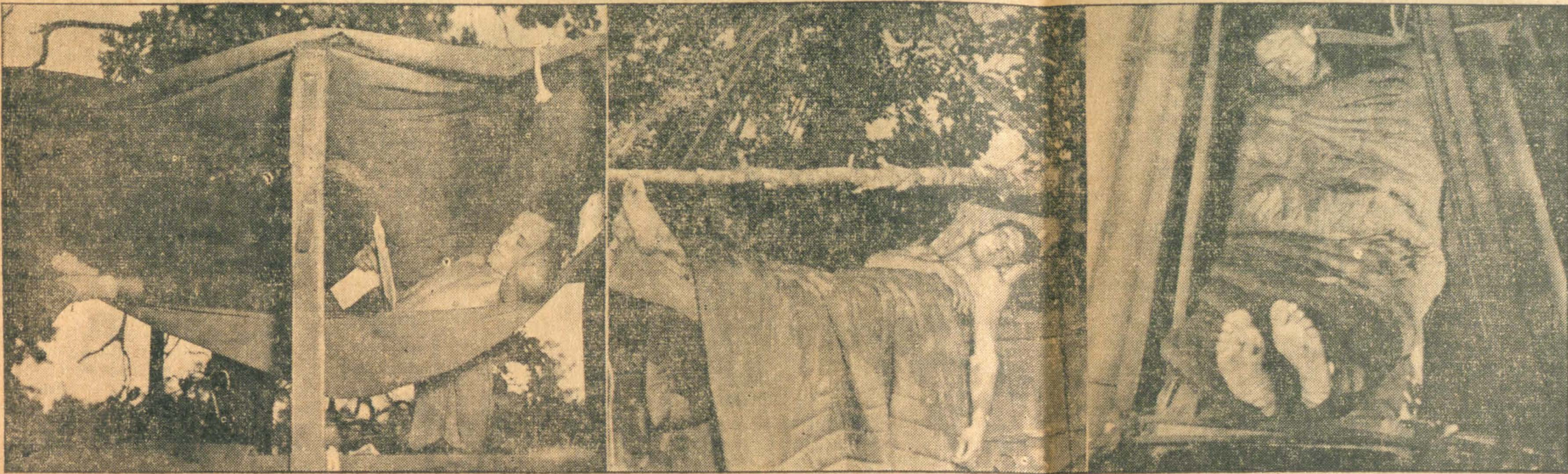
Members of the 31st (Dixie) Division are holding a reunion on Labor Day, September 1st, in Waycross, Ga., which they hope will be attended by some of the current members of the southern unit.

Addresses to the division, their invitation reads: "Dear Buddies: Due to Macon being crowded with Defense Projects, The Dixie Division (31st) Association will hold a one day reunion instead of the three day convention in Waycross, Georgia, on Labor Day, September 1, 1941.

"Your Waycross buddies have arranged this program: Headquarters, Hotel Ware. Registration at 8 a. m.; Fee \$1.00 which includes dinner.



These Ingenious Soldiers Didn't Sleep On The Ground



Most Dixie soldiers by now have become accustomed to sleeping on the ground, in shelter tents and out. Some troopers, however, more fortunate perhaps because they have vehicles, but certainly showing a certain amount of ingenuity, have found ways of staying off the ground. Here's how some members of Service & Ammunition Battery, 1st Bn., 114th Field Artillery, solved the problem. Above left, an artilleryman reads "sugar report" from home, reclining in a hammock hung between hoops of his truck; center, another hammock suspended over vehicle's tailgate furnishes this soldier a comfortable bed; right, looking not so comfortable, but sleeping the sleep of the just, is another soldier, suspended between the derrick of a motor maintenance truck. Below is shown the most resourceful—and perhaps the least particular—of them all, sleeping on top of the rear wheels of his big prime mover.

Ingenious Device Provides Light

An ingenious device for providing light in his tent has been conceived by an enterprising private of Company A of the 106th Medical Regiment. The soldier took an empty soft drink bottle, cut it in half, using the top half as a lamp globe. Then he inserted a candle on a base which can be moved up and down when the light is turned on or blown out. It has all the appearances of a small lantern, with a glowing flame, and it's economical—a five-cent candle lasting about a week. And in case of a "black-out" alarm, the thing can be doused pronto.

Riflemen Capture Armored Vehicles

Company H 155th Regiment accounted for two armored cars and a midget Peep during the first phase of war between the Blue and Red forces last week.

The skirmish will never make maneuver history, but it will long remain as a big event in the 1941 war games for the soldiers who make up the unit from Corinth, Miss.

Word had been received at 155th command post that the Reds were attempting to filter men through the lines. Capt. Nelson Timlak, assembled his company, piled them into weapon carriers and rushed over the powder dust road to Highway 64. Two miles up the main road they were met head on by three 4th Division vehicles. Rifles cracked, machine guns sputtered and then the noise ended. Men on both sides waited anxiously the figuring of the umpires. Both units were confident of the victory. Soon the three armored cars were undraped of their red insignia. The Blues had won. It was the first H Company victory.

156th Non-Com Rescues Soldier

Sgt. M. P. McGowan, Hq. Det., 3rd Bn., 156th Infantry, rescued an unidentified soldier from drowning at the regimental swimming hole in Fish Creek. The swimmer was in dire condition when Sgt. McGowan dived in, dragged him to shore and then administered artificial respiration. The rescued soldier was too dazed to give his name and left to join his detachment without identifying himself.

Late Lieutenant Mixes Business With Excitement

The soldiers of Headquarters Detachment, 3rd Battalion, 167th Infantry were grinning Tuesday as they discussed the ribbing they were going to give their commanding officer Lt. James L. Wall. Lt. Wall and Capt. John Wilkins, commanding Company L, of the same regiment left early that morning on a motorized patrol and had not returned. The battalion was entrucked and preparing to move to another position when the patrol drove up. Lt. Wall's account of their experiences was similar to his stories of his experiences in France during the last world war.

"We started back from just south of Jonesboro about 2 p. m. after making our last capture of three 'jeeps.' One of our prisoners, a lieutenant, attempted to slow us up by falling behind, anticipating our capture by one of several armored scout cars he knew to be patrolling the vicinity. We had to tie a tow rope to his car to make him keep up all of the way back. We ducked into the woods time after time to let Red patrols pass. We didn't dare travel the main roads but detoured through the trails that ran through the middle of the woods. Finally we were lucky enough to regain our lines. None of us thought we would ever get back without getting captured."

Twelve Brothers In One 155th Unit

Company H, 155th Infantry Regiment believes it holds a record in the Dixie Division for having the largest number of brothers in any one unit. Twelve brothers are on the Corinth, Miss. company roster. Figures show that approximately 16 per cent of the outfit are brothers. Brothers are: Russell and Albert Voncanon, George and Henry Huff, Homer and Edward Griswell, John and Stewart, Tom and Charles Clifton, William and James McCullum, George and John Tucker, James and DeWitt McKee, J. D. and L. T. Foster, Chester and Lexie Cohn, and Russell and Key Turner.

Machine Gunners Find Excitement In Winnfield

A top-notch action story of these maneuvers was related by Private Thomas Woods, Company M, 167th Inf. Pvt. Woods was ordered to set-up a road block with other men of his machine gun squad in the front door of the Red troops in Winnfield.

All day the squad held the position, capturing a Red major and sergeant. Each time enemy scout cars approached, the machine gunners would fire from one position, rapidly move to a second position and fire from there, giving the impression that there were several machine guns. The enemy came back in force to capture the position. Sgt. Paul Vinyard ordered the gun hidden in a farmer's barn nearby and all of the men, except three, accepted the farmer's invitation to hide in his house. The three hid in the barn with the gun. The Red troops discovered the hiding place in the house, overpowered Sgt. Vinyard and his men after a scuffle in the farmer's bedroom and took them prisoner. Pvt. Wood and two others who hid in the barn escaped, returning with their precious machine gun to friendly troops.

Bees Help 155th Rout 6th Cavalry

The foot soldiers of the 155th Infantry Regiment stung the pride of the 106th Cavalry many times during the war between the Blue and Red forces. The pay off however, for many horsemen was time they were routed by C Company and a nest of yellow jackets.

The horses and riders did not mind the soldiers' shot, but took serious exception to the bees that swarmed around them. It was a decisive victory for the Blue. Another company tells how a nest of swarming bees on the front line was to be reserved "ammunition." They had it all arranged to hit the nest if a large detachment of horse troops came up on them suddenly. Under War Game rules the sting of a bee would have been more effective than the crack of a blank in a rifle.

The 124th Infantry Regimental Band is working on a new song which they intend to title: "The Eighteen Months Extension Blues."

INFANTRYMAN

(Continued from page 1)

easy. All we did was wait. When they poked their nose over the hill we let them have it. We used all our weapons but our bayonets on them. The umpire gave us full credit for the damage we did to the cars.

Horses were still heading toward us. As suddenly as they appeared they disappeared. We were told that the artillery had blasted the ground on which they rode. In the meantime we captured a few of the calvarymen. They certainly have beautiful horses. One thing amazed me in connection with the mounts. The riders care more about their animals than they do themselves.

Every once in a while one of the regiment's or division's reconnaissance cars would rush up to our position, an officer would ask a lot of questions and then turn around and head for the rear with information. Sometimes they would go through our lines and a little while later return with prisoners. I don't envy them their job.

During the second phase of the "War" I had plenty of company on the front. Our boys were rarin' to go. When the enemy approached all we did was to follow orders and in no time we had truck loads of soldiers.

Of course the Reds were our enemy, but actually they are our buddies. You know when Uncle Sam's fighting forces all get together, the infantry and the air corps, we will have a combination that can't be beaten.

Strange Tongue Frightens Natives

Captains, Hebert Brush and John Wilkins, 167th Infantry, led a reconnaissance patrol along a highway somewhere in Louisiana this week, stopping to question a negro man and two children. The negroes answered all questions readily until an accompanying Yankee umpire from New Haven, Conn., 1st Lt. John F. McIntyre, asked a question. The negroes suddenly disappeared upon hearing the umpire's strange-to-the-south accent. "Why they thought you were a German officer when they heard you speaking a foreign language," Capt. Wilkins explained to the genial umpire.

Outdoor Gym Well Supplied

Corporal Kelly Carlyle, 116th Field Artillery, Battery F, is a physical culture enthusiast and has constructed rustic gymnasium in the Battery area. The gym is camouflaged above to prevent detection from the air, and contains log acrobatic and chinning bars, home-made dumbbells, a boxing ring, a commercial punching bag, and other exercising equipment. Carlyle is the regiment's champion light-weight boxer and challenges anyone, from anywhere who is in his weight class to combat.

CCC Facilities Prove Godsend To Dusty Men

1st Lt. Teal Calhoun and his Company, 5407, C. C. C. non-combatants, near Winnfield, La., played a very important part in this "war" this week when endeavoring themselves to hundreds of men in this division. Located within a few miles of the "front" lines this C. C. C. commander kindly offered the use of his company's bath house to the officers and enlisted men of the division. Probably no one thing could have contributed more to the comfort of the soldiers than the shower baths after hours of field duty.

Passing Motorists Donate Cigarettes

The civilians of Louisiana are leaving nothing undone to administer to the wants of the thousands of soldiers maneuvering here as Pvt. 1st Cl. Ollie T. Fitzpatrick, Company H, 167th Inf. can testify. Pvt. Fitzpatrick dozed off while riding in a truck when the Dixie Division shifted positions this week with his hand holding a pan. When he awoke there were two packages of cigarettes in the pan. They were the gifts of passing motorists.

"Two-Way" Wash Saves Energy

The 117th Field Artillerymen have gone in for washing the "form-fitting way." The procedure is to keep your coveralls or uniform on while under the shower and have a pal soap and scrub you. The result, the Alabama boys say, is that you get a much better cleaning job and it is easier than washing yourself and clothes separately.

BEEF A-PLENTY ASSURED MEN FOR MANEUVERS

There will be beef and more beef during the current maneuvers, according to the War Department. About 15% of the Quartermaster Corps food bill of \$233,000,000 a year goes for fresh fruits and vegetables, but a considerable amount of money is spent on beef.

During the Louisiana action, the 500,000 men will eat, in addition to the usual meal diet, at least two million pounds of boneless beef. This type of beef, shipped frozen in containers is being substituted for carcass beef as a field meat ration. No waste, no bulk, no trouble—that is what the cooks say about it.

Equivalent to ten ounces of carcass beef is seven ounces of boneless beef. Packed in 50-pound containers, the meat occupies about half the space required by unboned beef. After bones and surplus fat are cut off the whole carcass, the best 50 per cent is classified as roasting and frying meat. The next 25 per cent is used for stewing and boiling and the final 25 per cent is ground.

Land Mines Work, Drivers Learn

At least three 155th Infantry men know now that there was nothing simulated about the land mines which were planted in roads leading to the 31st Division bivouac area as protection against invading forces.

The soldiers were delivering messages when they rode over a bump in the road. Smoke poured from the place. This was followed by an ear-splitting bang as the torpedo exploded.

156th Softball Team Wins 27th Game

The softball team of Co. I, 156th Infantry, claiming the championship of the Division, won its 27th consecutive game Saturday night, defeating the Humble Oilers at the latter's field in Crowley by a count of 8-4. The Oilers were runners-up for the Louisiana state title. Starring for the winners was Corp. Emile Werner who accounted for four runs. It was the first out-of-Division contest for the Crowley soldiers.

Negro Servant On 10th Maneuver

Pat Myles is 45 and has made ten encampments with the former National Guards, and he continues to like military life as long as he remains with Captain Nelson Timlake of Co. H, 155th Infantry. Myles is Capt. Nelson's colored servant and has been with him for more than 20 years, even travelling to Fort Benning, Georgia, when his employer took special courses there.

11 Sgts. Married, Not a Single Corp.

"Can two live as there are one on Army pay?" There are 11 sergeants in Company F, 155th Infantry, who think so. as that number of 17 sergeants are in the married class. Practically all of them have married since entering the service. On the other hand there isn't a corporal in the outfit who has entered wedded bliss.

Send the Dixie note—it will tell the folks what you are doing on maneuvers.

MAP MAKERS TRAVEL ALONG WHEN DIVISION MOVES OUT

A very important unit in the attacking and defensive force of the Dixie Division is the Map Section conducted by the 106th Combat Engineers. Under the command of Captain M. E. Bush, the map personnel consists of 14 others.

Thwarted Fathers

A letter from Mrs. C. W. Chalker at the 31st Division's Camp Blanding Service Club, received this week, broke the sad news to Dixie soldiers: They are not to become fathers after all.

According to our Senior Hostess, letters wires and verbal offers of money have poured in from all sides. But it could not be. "Dixie," the baby the 31st was to adopt, will never stay at our Service Club.

It seems that a division of men is not sufficiently stable to be a father; or even a foster parent.

Mrs. Chalker was thrilled by the way Dixie Division soldiers accepted the idea. She stated: "The idea was glorious and has given us all a sort of spiritual uplift."

She also added: "We are doing nicely here, but missing those of you who are away. We are repairing the ping-pong tables, buying new records for our new victrola and trying to get the club in shape to say and act a welcome to the division when it returns."

Guard Not Worried About Three Stars When Duty Bent

Private Elmer "Mac" McCall, 26, of St. Petersburg, in Headquarters Battery of the 31st Division's 116th Field Artillery was on post guard duty Wednesday, when the war between the 31st Division (Blue forces) and the 4th and 43rd Divisions (Red forces) was in full swing. During battle each side is required to identify its vehicles by square red or blue stickers prominently displayed on front and rear, and suddenly the watchful Mac spied a car approaching bearing a red tag—right in the vital heart of Blue territory. The fact that the red tag bore three white stars meant nothing to the duty-bound Mac as he stopped the car to arrest the occupants.

The occupants were ONLY Lt. General McNair, the assistant chief of staff of the U. S. Army and his chauffeur. The General was apparently amused—he smoothed over Mac's confusion by asking him his name and Battery and then went his merry way.

Captured Enemy Marked Men Now

When the soldiers of Co. K, 156th Inf., begin boasting of the prisoners they took on outpost duty, they'll have no trouble backing up their claims. The faces of the men they took will bear them out.

Tired of having to take the same men two or three times during the day, the Louisiana troopers began "branding" them on the cheek with the company letter. The ink used for the marking, a solution of methanamine blue prepared by the medical detachment, wears off in about ten days.

Fair Warning

The Service & Ammunition Btry., 2nd En., 117th F. A., last Tuesday received a message, writer unknown. Neatly lettered on the side of a pasteboard box, containing a dozen loaves of "hardtack" bread, the epistle read in substance: "Holy Smoke—do you guys eat this stuff? You wouldn't if you could see us make it. But, what the heck—what you don't see won't hurt you!"

Father of Twins Gives Two Cigars

Passing out the cigars—in double allotments—this week was 1st Lt. Lionel J. Champagne, of Service Co., 156th Inf. Mrs. Champagne presented the officer with twins, a boy and a girl.

What you do, where you go, and your daily activities in the Army are published each week in the Dixie. Send the news to the folks back home. They are interested.

Of course, the primary duties of the Map Section are so technical and important as to be not easily understood and a lot cannot be divulged. Mainly, Captain Bush's workers collect maps of all kinds, photographs, etc., and from their evidence they print thousands of maps for the use of officers throughout the 31st Division. Just the other night these engineers were turning out about 4,000 maps which are in use during the present war games.

From aerial photographs, state road maps and personal observations, the maps are printed to show the smallest detail as to terrain, structures and other markings. In charge of the photography department is Sergeant Henry Sorenson of Panama City, Florida.

The Map Section is equipped with its own huge trailer and a 110-Volt generator to furnish power and lights. The trailer, a complete, modern mobile unit, can function faultlessly anywhere. It can plug into electric outlets, or use its own generator current. Equipped just like a pullman car, the photographer's dark-room includes everything, and shelves, doors and drawers are so set in that nothing can fall out as the vehicle is moving along through the bumpiest of roads. There's the printing press for the making of maps and other documents, and running water is available all the time. This trailer is approximately 24 feet in length and 10 feet wide.

The generator, set in the middle of a trailer, is under the supervision of Private Joseph Reed of Drew, Miss. It chugs along at a merry gait, furnishing electricity for the Map Section trailer, etc. It has plug-ins in case of extra power needed, and a concealed cable winds along the ground from the generator to the map section's trailer.

The engineer's map section moves back and forth with its regiment, speedily and efficiently. It's a 24-hour day with these boys, who are taught to turn out their assignments immediately. There's no lost motion here, and the map members are all specialists in their particular line. The section carries on the same out in the woods as it does back in Camp Blanding's more spacious quarters. All sorts of engraving and lithography work is done.

COMRADES IN ARMS NOW

The men we have battled for a week were wearing Red arm bands, showing that they were to be captured at every opportunity. But now they will be our allies. All units of the IV Army Corps will work together from this date forward, fighting side by side.

The 43rd, the "Rolling Fourth" and the Sixth Cavalry will join us in facing two entire Army Corps, the V and the VIII, in the next engagement. After that, all will join forces to battle shoulder to shoulder against the Second Army of Lieutenant General Ben Lear.

Classified

LOST

LOST: On Camp Blanding rifle range. Mess kit decorated with French and American flags and American eagle; initialed T. F. J. Valued as keepsake. Please return to Pvt. Thomas E. Crompton, Hqs. Co., 124th Infantry.

LOST: 1 Elgin Railroad pocket watch on July 27 at Camp Blanding. Finder return to Pvt. Royal O. Griggs, 31st Div. MP Co. and receive reward.

Grover S. Balfour, Christian Welfare Worker for Camp Blanding advises all boys who are Christian Scientists or interested in it to communicate with him at 320 Pennsular Life Building, Jacksonville, Florida, if they feel in the need of service of any kind, while on maneuvers.